

The history

break the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come and be hangd,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Cariers, whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay by God soft, I knowe a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 Car. I when canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirrha Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee, come neighbour Mugs, wee call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue greatcharge.

Enter Chamberlaine. Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pickepurse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing direction doth from labouring: thou laiest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maister Gadshill, it holdes currant that I tolde you yesternight, ther's a Frankelin in the wilde of Kent hath brought three hundred Markes with him in golde, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and cal for Egges and butter, they wil away presently.

Gad. Sirrha, if they meete not with Saint Nicholas clearkes, ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippst Saint Nicholas, as trulie as a man offalshood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, olde sir Iohn hangs with me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, these are other

Troians

of Henrie the fourth.

Troians that thou dreamst not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession, some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake make all whole. I am ioyued with no footland rakers, no long-staffe fixpennie strikers, none of these mad mustachio purplehewd maltworms, but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie, Burgomasters and great Oneyres, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner then speak, and speake sooner then drinke, and drinke sooner then pray, and yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray continuallie to their Saint the Common-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? will shee hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castell cocksure: wee haue the receyte of Ferneseede, wee walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneseed, for your walking inuisible.

Gad. Giue mee thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to al men: bid the Ostler bring my gelding out of the stable, farewell you muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peter &c.

Po. Come shelter shelter, I haue remoude Falstalles horse, and he frets like a gund Veluet.

Prim. Stand close. *Enter Falstaffe.*

Falst. Poynes, Poynes, and be hangd Poynes.

Prim. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

Falst. Wheres Poynes Hall?

Prim. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

Falst. I am accurst to rob in that theeues companie, the rascal hath remoued my horse, and tied him I knowe not where, if I trauell but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I haue forsworne his companie hourly any time this xxii. yeares, and yet I am be-

C.iii.

witch